

4th of July  
Special Number.  
Out Next Sunday.  
The Journal's  
Color Supplement.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

Hemlock's Boots.  
How they  
Spend the 4th.  
Color Supplement  
Next Sunday.

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## DISCOVERED BY THE JOURNAL!



Mrs. Augusta Nack, Now Under Police Surveillance.

### The Severed Body at the Morgue Positive- ly Identified by Seven Men.

### They Recognize It as the Corpse of William Gulden- suppe, of the Murray Hill Baths.

### His Fellow Rubbers, His Super- intendent and His Physician, Who Operated on the Injured Finger.



William Guldensuppe, the Murdered Man, Identified by the Journal.

YESTERDAY seven different persons positively identified the man whose severed body lies in the Morgue. He was William Guldensuppe, a rubber in the Murray Hill Turkish baths.

A woman who once loved this man hated him. Two men were jealous of him and had threatened him with revenge.

The positive and indubitable identification is made by the superintendent of the baths and five attendants, who had seen the man naked, day after day, for years, and knew every mark on him.

He was further identified by Dr. J. S. Cosby, of No. 215 West Forty-fourth street. Dr. Cosby had lanced and treated a felon on the index finger of Guldensuppe's left hand. At the Morgue Dr. Cosby instantly identified the cicatrix of the wound his lance had made.

Guldensuppe had been a sailor. On his breast was tattooed in India ink the bust figure of a woman. It covered a space as large as a man's hand. The butcher who cut him up cut this out.

Guldensuppe left the baths last Friday morning. He disappeared. In all the four years of his employment there he had never missed a day's work. No word has been received from him.

Guldensuppe lived with Mrs. Augusta Nack, a midwife, at No. 439 Ninth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street. She is separated from her husband.

Nack had threatened revenge on Guldensuppe.

A man who lived with the Nacks before Guldensuppe came, and who is Nack's friend, had openly threatened Guldensuppe. The big masseur had supplanted him and thrashed him, after taking away his pistol.

Mrs. Nack says she does not know and does not care where Guldensuppe is; that she has not seen him since Friday morning, the day before the body was found in the East River.

The night before she had seen him take another woman's card. Then this man and Mrs. Nack quarrelled. He made her give him \$50 and went away.

At 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning a Journal reporter went to Mrs. Nack's home. The rooms were in perfect order, as if she intended to live there the rest of her life. Seven hours later the woman had seen her landlord and given up the flat. She had employed four men, who were at work dismantling the rooms. She said her mother was ill, and she was going to Europe.

Guldensuppe lived for eighteen months with Mrs. Augusta Nack, a German midwife and a married woman, at No. 439 Ninth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street.

She and her husband, Hermann Nack, had quarrelled and separated two years before, and since then the woman and Guldensuppe had made no attempt to conceal their illicit association.

The husband had seen her often, and it was known had threatened one day to have revenge upon Guldensuppe for winning the woman away from him.

Nack had promised to get square, even if he had to kill the interloper, so the bathhouse people say.

And there was another man, too, who had a long standing bitterness against Guldensuppe, the "rubber." This second enemy was a German, and it was understood, had been an intimate of the Nack family.

name the rubbers did not know, but they did know he had drawn a pistol and tried to kill Guldensuppe, who succeeded in wresting the weapon from him and finally overcoming him.

The day after that battle when William came to the bath he was badly bruised. His body bore many black and blue marks, which told of blows of savage force.

### Left Him the Winner.

After that the other man left Mrs. Nack. Guldensuppe was the lord of the place.

But Nack and the other man were warm friends. So there were two of them who cherished fierce wrath against Mrs. Nack's favorite, and both had sworn revenge.

On Monday, two days ago, in the morning, Mrs. Nack went to the baths and asked if Guldensuppe was there. When told that he was not, she said she had received a telegram from him, asking her to go around to the baths and tell the superintendent that he had gone away and would not be back.

She said he had also told her he would send to her house for his trunk on Thursday-to-morrow.

A little questioning brought forth the fact that she and Guldensuppe had quarrelled and separated.

What was the matter? She said angrily: "Oh, I suppose he wants to go with that other woman of his."

There was another woman, who lives in the upper part of the city, to whom Guldensuppe used to send money and presents.

The people at the bath made no doubt, although they had not seen the body, that Guldensuppe was the victim of the more than brutal and more than mysterious murder, and they thought it strange that after he and the woman had quarrelled and parted in anger he should telegraph to her to come to the bathhouse and make his excuses. Moreover, she did not show the telegram which she said he had sent her. It would have been more natural for him to send his message directly to the superintendent of the baths.

### At Mrs. Nack's Flat.

It was very late Monday night when this part of the story was obtained. But Mrs. Nack must be seen at all hazards. It was after 1 o'clock Tuesday morning when the Journal reporter went to her house. It took a good deal of ringing to get Mrs. Nack up, though her occupation makes night calls common for her. She admitted the reporter. She lives over a drug store on Ninth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street.

Mrs. Nack thought at first, maybe, that the visitor was a man in quest of her services as midwife. No other could disturb her so late. Maybe, on the other hand, she surmised that it was some one come to make inquiry concerning the man who had so mysteriously disappeared from the bath.

Before telling what Mrs. Nack said, see what manner of woman she is:

The midwife is thought to be a Dane. She speaks a very peculiar dialect of German. She is a very picture of feminine strength and health. She stands very erect and is broad of shoulder and firmly knit. Her skin is smooth and clear, her features forceful, the nose straight and prominent, the eyes shrewd, burning, deep set and very close together. It is a face full of determination, a face broad of jaw and narrow of forehead, a face wherein the animal nature has made its sign manifest so plainly that it cannot be misunderstood.

Mrs. Nack's mouth is large and full and she smiles frequently when she speaks in a manner that would indicate that she has been accustomed to being listened to with attention and even with admiration. Her chin is small and disappears too quickly into the masses of flesh beneath it.

### A Woman of Care.

Her black hair is smooth and shines as though it were accustomed to being brushed with care. She combs it straight back from a rather low forehead and it is rolled into a tight little knot at the back of her



Exterior of Mrs. Nack's House, No. 439 Ninth Avenue.

head. She wears it simply, without adornment or comb.

Her eyes are black and look as though they might snap at a moment's notice. Habitually they are kept lowered, and when she raises them it is noticeable that her gaze is not direct. It shifts and shuffles particularly when one asks her about her arrangements for the immediate future or why her quarrels with her husband were so frequent before his disappearance.

She weighs perhaps 180 pounds and she is about five feet six inches tall. She is not ungainly. One would not describe her as a woman for whom men might fight and die, yet she is known to be a woman for whom two men have indulged in bitter quarrel.

### A Strange Conversation.

"What do you want?" she asked the reporter at once.

"I want to know where William is," came the word, point blank.

"Who are you?"

"I am a friend of his. I have some work for him to do."

"Well, I don't know where he is," the woman answered. "I haven't seen any thing of him since Friday morning. When he came home from the bath that morning it was very early. He put on his best clothes and went away. But before he went he made me give him \$50 I had drawn out of the bank."

"What bank?"

"Mrs. Nack would not say. She would not show the bank book."

"What did he say before he went away?"

"A good many things. Among others, he spoke about the money, and I asked him what he wanted it for. He told me it was none of my business."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No."

"Has it occurred to you that he may have been killed?"

Never a Tremor.

"Oh, don't say that," the woman answered calmly and with just a tone of mockery; "you scare me."

"I don't care for him, anyway," she said after a pause.

"Why not?"

A strange, fierce light stole into the woman's eyes, and her voice grew deeper. "Because," she answered, "he fools too much with other women."

Remember, she is talking to a stranger.

Her face was very angry now. She was silent for a minute, thinking about something which seemed to be kindling her wrath. Then she told the story of her jealousy.

"Thursday afternoon," she said, "I was a woman calling here, a friend of mine—that is, she was a friend of mine, and he was here. He had not gone to the bath for the night yet. I had to go into the bathroom there, and left them here in the dining room together. Do you see those mirrors?"

She pointed to two mirrors which hung upon the wall.

"Well," she continued, "from the bath room I could look into the mirrors and see him and her as they sat on the other side of the room. And I watched them."

"While I was watching she took out her card and handed it to him. He looked at it

it and put it in his pocket. I understood what that meant, and that's the reason that we had a quarrel on Friday morning, and the reason why I let him go away. All men are just alike. They're all beasts," she added, savagely.

"Anyhow," she continued, "I know he hasn't been here for I saw him Sunday."

"Saw him? Where?"

"Well," she said, haltingly, "I didn't exactly see him, but I heard from him."

"How was that?"

"Well, we usually take lunch together on his day off at Buck's restaurant, in Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, and I didn't know but that he might come there Sunday. So I went up there and waited some time. He didn't come, but by and by a boy brought a note for me, which said to come home at once."

### Evasive in Every Word.

"Are you sure it was from him?"

"Yes. It was in his handwriting. I am certain it was from him."

"Was it signed?"

"No, there was no signature to it."

"And you went?"

"Yes, I went home, but he wasn't there. But he had been there after I went out."

"How do you know?"

"Because I found a different collar on the bureau. He had been there and changed his collar."

"Had anybody else seen him coming in or going out?"

"No; nobody did. That's the strange thing about it."

### Had Not the Note.

"Have you the note he sent you?"

"No, I burned it up. But I am sure it was from him. And besides, I got a telegram from him."

"When?"

"Why, to-day or Sunday."

"What was in it?"

"I don't remember."

"Where was it from?"

"I don't know."

"Where is the telegram now?"

"I curled my hair with it, I think. It was burned up."

After a little while Mrs. Nack found a blue telegraph envelope, the sort that identifies a city dispatch. The corner of it, which contains the number of the message, was burned off. The red stamp upon it showed that it was delivered from the station at Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, a station which is open only until midnight. A printed word upon the corner indicated that it was a "night message" to be delivered after 7 o'clock in the morning after it was filed by the sender.

### Calm Admissions.

"William lived with you regularly, did he not?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, he was my man," she answered in an off-hand, matter-of-course tone.

"But what did your husband say?"

"Nothing at all. I see him almost every day, driving his baker wagon past here."

"What firm does he drive for?"

"I don't know and I don't care!"

All questioning about the other boarder—the man with whom Guldensuppe had the fight over Mrs. Nack—was met by obstinate silence on the part of the woman. She would not tell who or what he was, nor where he had gone after his battle with the rubber. She would not even acknowledge that there had been any trouble between the two men.

Leaving Mrs. Nack's, the reporter went back to the Murray Hill baths. It was not far from the hour when the night force is relieved by the day attendants.

### Identify the Body.

As soon as the night men were off duty they were taken to the Morgue, five of them. They were Max Zorn, Adam Steubling, Michael H. Scully, Frank Gardner and James Flood, the elevator man.

There were but few hangers-on at that early hour of the morning about the door of the place where the body lay. The five, passed in. By lamplight they studied long and carefully what was left of what had been a man.

They looked at the hands, "fair, fine and strong," and over and over again they examined the ugly scar and the distorted nail upon the forefinger of the left hand. They agreed, one and all, that the hands were the hands of Guldensuppe, as they had all along believed.

They had looked numberless times upon the scar. It was a man they identified it as the one they had seen, or—so the symmetrical finger of their fellow workman in the baths.

The lines of the back, the contour of the shoulders, the shape and muscling of the arms, all were his.

### The Tattoo Marks.

The space of raw flesh across the chest, from which the skin and the emblem which it bore had been cut, was the field, they declared, which contained the tattooed figure.

After studying the two sections of the trunk for nearly an hour, they left the Morgue, agreeing positively that the body was that of Guldensuppe.

They separated and went home, all save Frank Gardner, who had been Guldensuppe's chum, and Adam Steubling, the foreman of the baths.

With these two men the reporter returned. It was then bright daylight, and the city was wide awake—to the home of Mrs. Nack, Steubling and Gardner were sent up to the woman's apartment, while the reporter waited below stairs.

Something had happened. Mrs. Nack was perturbed.

The midnight visit and the questioning about the missing man and all the circumstances surrounding his intimacy with her, their quarrel and his mysterious disappearance, had upset her and made her nervous. She was terrible, too, and said she did not want to see the men from the bath.

### Change in the Flat.

And the flat, which at midnight had been so orderly and neat, was all in a state of upheaval. There was noise of tearing up carpets and the moving of furniture.

The clerk in the drug store underneath Mrs. Nack's apartments said that she had come down early in the morning and made the announcement to him that she was going to Europe, and had to start in a hurry.

She had sent out and secured four men, who were hard at work packing up all her belongings.

For a year and more, ever since parted from her husband and no longer a habitué from further up the avenue, had lived over the drug store. The druggist, F. O. Werner, a German, owns the building. He had never heard so much a mention of her intention to leave flat, until that morning, after the midnight visit of the Journal reporter.

All through the forenoon the four workmen wrought industriously, and the woman, with feverish energy and haste, directed their movements.

### In Mrs. Nack's Flat.

Mrs. Nack's flat consists of two rooms, one small one, and a bath. It is up one flight of stairs, and a narrow run leads to it. It should properly be called a floor than a flat.

In the back room, which Mrs. Nack covered with oilcloth, and which she used as a kitchen, she had placed a stove, there are no tanks or other accommodations dear to the eyes of most housewives.

During the day, for various reasons, some people called at the flat. To one Mrs. Nack said: "I go on Friday." To another: "I shall be to-night," and to yet another: "I may not go for ten days."

To all, however, she said: "I am busy to see my mother. I stay three months."

This was the only statement to be adhered to. In the next she saw the wind:

"What do I do with my furniture put in the storehouse, de oilcloth and all."

Ten minutes later she said do with my furniture.

small, cheap flat—per-